What happened during the first semester of my second year was really steadfast. It was like I should keep up with the pace of my teachers or else I would end up moody. These things, for example, are when the teachers require us to read a minimum of 19 pages of a story. Whether it would be a mythological one or a literary piece, it was fun to read and know the story. But the biggest problem of all was the time to read it and comprehend it. When there would be an available time to do it, weariness of the brain would start to increase, would make us think of sleeping or hanging out to view some brighter side of the world. Another example was the dilemma of entering and exiting the Ateneo gates for repetitive times only to print a two-page assignment. That didn’t really matter yet. What really did was the poor service of the printing businesses that steals all the minutes that we could have had for much more important tasks.

What I felt about these things were contradicting. I was so glad that I was very busy because that was what I always wanted to be but at the same time, I was also furiously annoyed. I was really annoyed for a million times about the world during the semester. I learned how to despise people who do their service to their customers so slowly. I saw the classmates or group mates who were really a help in projects and apparently, those who were not, too. I hated so much the teachers who seemed like disrespecting most of the students in the class and who dehumanized us. Gladly, though, I didn’t inculcate deeply in my intelligence all of the lessons, what the most obvious learning was to manage time and handle very distinguished things all at one time.

Now these learning that I have might really be the best learning that I should apply as a would-be teacher. It was in the attitude and strength in emotions that one could perform the tasks on time, or better off, perform them impeccably. I had these attitudes both. The personality of dealing with different kinds of people should also be visible. No matter how kind or annoying they were, one should be at ease and still pleasing. This learning during the first semester was more on what was in the deepest of one’s learning. And those things are the ones that will never ever wither from one’s brain even when old age takes place.